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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLII. CHICAGO, DECEMBER 29, 1898. NUMBER 18.

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CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar.
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam!
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farwell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers, 185-187 Dearborn St.

Chicago.

UNITY

A Weekly Journal of Religion without dogma and Civics without partisan bias.

Holding that there is no panacea for civic ills, but that through honest and intelligent effort the advance must be made.

Believing that the religious need of the hour is a working code of ethics that will lead to the uplifting of humanity.

The official bulletin of the Congress of liberal Religion.

Its aim will be to speak the true and timely word for "All of us" in matters of Church and State.

Great care will be used in the literary features. No large promises are made. But this number is respectfully submitted as a sample of what will follow.

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Alfred C. Clark & Co.,

Publishers,

185 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

UNITY

VOLUME XLII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1898. NUMBER 18.

In wishing our readers a Happy New Year we are wishing that the year may be one of growth for the head and heart, even though it be at the cost of a reduced income and a more meager living. May the year that is to come bring the vision that discovers the impossibility of individual joy, individual prosperity or individual salvation. There can be no dismemberment of the individual from society except by mutilation or amputation.

"The soul is lost that's saved alone."

Those speculators and "investors" who are blowing the soap bubbles of industrial inflation will some day have their bubbles to eat. "May good digestion wait on appetite;" there will be little enough to fill in the void between appetite and digestion.

A grave mistake was made by the enterprising press in not inquiring of Chief Kipley the cause of the "*debacle*" of Mr. Skakel's tape game. Perhaps that particular gambling hell was no longer shaded by the erstwhile protection of Mr. John Powers' adjoining saloon. Perhaps Skakel used up all possible combinations of numbers in his tape factory, perhaps Messrs. Powers and Skakel lost their pull, perhaps Chief Kipley—oh, perhaps anything. This is a queer world, and as Brother Almy says, "few of us get out of it alive."

The true independent in politics and in religion is not he who refuses alliance with any party and any sects, but he who seeks fellowship and coöperation with all parties and all sects. The true independent goes not in search of the false, does not seek to magnify the virtues of one denomination by exposing the shortcomings of others. Truth is not established by the elimination of errors, but it is established by the search of truth in error, the good working in and through the bad, by regarding the imperfect as necessary steppingstones toward the more perfect.

A monthly magazine called *Form* has come to our table. It terms itself "The Glass of Fashion and the Mold of Form;" also the "Magazine of Society." Only as a type does it deserve notice or criticism. It justifies its claims. Its aim is to be flunkey to those who have more money than they can wisely handle. There was once a slave who stood behind Scipio's chariot at his triumph and said, with monotonous regularity, "Remember, Scipio, that you are but a man." Let us imagine that this white paper, spoiled with ink, is standing behind the chariot of vulgar wealth and repeating "Remember, Dives, that you are but a barbarian with nose\rings and anklets; remember, that with your nose rings and anklets and lacking the honest virility of barbarism, you are but a degenerate monkey." In these days of great human problems any other mission or field for such a publication is inconceivable.

A special wire from Santiago, Cuba, to the Chicago Record contains the following:

This official, Major Barbour, with 126 men dressed in spotless white, and thirty-two good United States mule teams and carts, having dug out from the streets of Santiago the filth of ages, is now able to keep them absolutely clean. Every day, by the aid of petroleum, the garbage of the city is burned. The work of sanitation is not confined to the streets, but extends to the dwelling houses, shops and buildings of all kinds. To accomplish this, however, the doors of houses had to be smashed in, and people throwing filth into the thoroughfares were publicly horsewhipped in the streets. The campaign has ended in a complete surrender to the sanitary authorities.

It has long been recognized that the best way to learn things is to teach things. Perhaps here is an argument for the moralizing effect of expansion. What is good for Cuba might be well applied to garbage-scattering cooks in Chicago, to coal wagons and every class of nuisance promoters. Here is an example for Mayor Harrison. Most of us need a sanitary horsewhipping. Let's get it and be cleaner citizens. Let him begin on his heelers in the City Hall corridors.

A copy of the *Indian Messenger*, published at Calcutta, just received, contains "a doleful story" of a young widow of respectable Brahmin family betrayed by a "gentleman" of her own caste and a government employe. To cover her shame and to escape from a hopeless predicament, the mother destroyed her child, for which crime she was transported for life by the British court, while the confessed partner of her crime goes scott free and "continues to enjoy the honors and emoluments of Her Majesty's service." Heretofore the governments of the world have made a clear distinction between public and private crimes. So long as a man does not misuse public funds or betray public trusts he is supposed to be a good officer and his claims are unhesitatingly presented on these grounds. Is not the time near at hand when this fiction of politics will be demolished, when the state will demand clean hearts as well as clean hands of its servants? In the ultimate accounting it will be found that no man can be a good public servant and at the same time a betrayer of woman, an oppressor of the weak and a defrauder of the innocent. In the accountings of the eternal there is not only one standard of morals for man and woman, but also one test of character for officer and citizen, the same in public as in private life.

Before the Christmas exhilaration has wholly subsided let the father and mother reason together concerning the contribution they have made to the life of the children in this festival of childhood. They have played together, danced together, carolled together, exchanged playful gifts, delighted in Christmas art,

legend and candy. Have they added to all these blessed memories the more benignant and permanent memory, the sweeter feast that invited parent and child

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!"

Hosea Bigelow said long ago that "the American takes a holiday as he does a redoubt;" that is, he makes hard work of it. We fear that before Sunday came the energies of child and parent were exhausted and their place in the church was vacant or the children sent to the Sunday-school, and as parents entered the children passed out. It is hard for young America to believe that there is joy in worship, rest and recreation in the quiet thought that the church walls ought to engender, and so on Memorial Day young America leaves the veterans to decorate the graves while they hasten to the bicycle race and strain themselves for a place in the century runs. On Thanksgiving Day even the dinner is postponed until after the football excitement. Fourth of July is hopelessly given over to noise and the terrors of powder. Christmas is hilarious, as it should be, but scarcely thoughtful, still less devout. How are the parents of to-day to restore the helpful routine and give to their children the life-helping associations, with sacred themes and holy days, which they received from their parents?

Our associate, Doctor Hirsch, in the current number of the *Reform Advocate*, has some reflections upon the recent charity fair held under the auspices of the Jews in Chicago, which has wide application and needs to be taken to heart by many would-be financiers in the interest of the humanities and the amenities. The fair in question was a prodigious "success," financially and socially, and still he who was very near the center of it, after congratulating "the noble army of unselfish workers," speaking for those who had most to do with the success in question, asks: But will they not be the very ones to share our views only expressed now after the issue is beyond possibility of being endangered, that a fair is an awful waste of moral and material energy, very apt to leave behind moral, if not physical, prostration, a bitter taste of jealousy and petty bickerings? Will they not help the pulpit to spread the better knowledge that fairs are always a *tour de force* which for years weakens the organism? Will they not attempt to educate men and women to the point where social duty is recognized and performed, even when no compensation in entertainment and advertised philanthropy is offered as an attraction? Is that community not indeed the better one in which men who have the means take pride to maintain the public institutions and in cases like that which suggested as almost the only way out of the difficulty, the holding of the late fair, will deem it a duty of honor to meet the emergency and provide against its recurrence? Such conduct would be more in harmony with true benevolence than that which makes fairs excusable because absolutely necessary.

Commercialism.

How far the spirit of commercialism dominates the life of the American people to-day is a matter which we who are in it have no power to estimate. It takes distance to triangulate a mountain. Only he who is outside of it can determine the proportions of a fog bank. But these are some indications of the commercial spirit which envelops us: To name the last evidence first, the altruistic spirit of Christmas has been skillfully seized by the tradesmen, and Santa Claus has been forced by the merchant prince into his service. This merchant prince has been planning for this holiday trade for a whole year. His year's business is to be largely determined by the sales of the two weeks before Christmas. Spite of philosophy, religion or the prudential considerations in money matters, the whole people are swept off their feet by the ingenious advertising, the skillful displays, the expert salesmen and the subtle hypnotism of the crowd, so that when Christmas is gone we are a people depleted in pocketbooks, in enthusiasm and in physical strength, so that there are no resources left for the carolings or the quiet church side of the Christmas message.

This week the papers will be filled with evidences of a successful year, proof that we are a prosperous people, all of which proof will be offered in the statistics of trade, the fact that the bank deposits are large and that possibly foreign powers are to borrow of the United States.

Even in morals the unsuccessful thief is the criminal; the man who accepts a bribe is held up to ridicule; the multi-millionaire who offers the bribe or who is party to it, with the exception of an occasional scapegoat, remains in society, a respected and respectable ornament.

The power of our churches is estimated by their pew rents and a minister is estimated by his power to draw money out of the pocketbooks of the rich.

Over against this oppressive commercialism there are some hopeful indications of a counter force, among which are the facts that the wretched are becoming more conscious of their wretchedness, the favored are becoming more conscious of their responsibility, the combines of trade are being matched by the combines of love, even in trade there is rising a promise of co-operation, not only between capitalists, but between capital and labor, at least between employer and employe. There is a growing sense of a common life running across the denominational lines in religion and independent of party lines in politics. These are hopeful signs which indicate that the power of the dollar as such is not unlimited and that the princes of plutocracy, who are surely displacing the princes of aristocracy, are themselves to be displaced by the princes of democracy, those whom the people love for their nobleness and whom people are glad to follow for their wisdom and their integrity. If the plutocratic forces are to be represented by the term "commercialism" the democratic forces are being represented more and more by the word "socialism" and its associates, not in its technical sense as representing some kind of an economic revolution, but in its ethical and generic

sense as representing a growing, common intelligence, a deepening common conscience, and an increasing common wealth. The individual is becoming more and more conscious of his fellow. The tangential line of individual selfishness is being more and more bent into the circle of the community, where the individual is still an unit, but an unit that reaches its maximum only in the corporate life of the whole. To bring about this control of capital, this subordination of the trading spirit, this consecration of wealth, is the task to which religion and the state must more and more apply themselves, and in the application they will find their interests one, the patriot and the devotee will grow identical, love to God will express itself in love to man, and the kingdom of heaven will be builded on earth.

Fortunate in Our Press.

Those of us who live in Chicago are singularly fortunate in our daily press. We grumble and growl as our privilege is, at all the minor faults and foibles. When all is done and said those of our papers that have any influence in the community, stand for civic rectitude and are avowedly or practically nonpartisan, and back of honest men in local politics. From the first campaign made by the Municipal Voters' League for aldermen as opposed to thieves, the press has been the strongest influence for good, and to-day when the battle has gone sorely against the anarchy of government by purchase, those who have fought in the line for better things, can count in the defeated forces only the men who write the Inter Ocean at the dictation of Charles T. Yerkes and his more cowardly copartners, with a suspicion that the Democrat and Dispatch is an irregular auxiliary, jointly edited from the big building on Dearborn street and bigger building in Joliet.

Our journalism is local, provincial perhaps, but that is well. Chicago is to-day the seething cauldron of the social world. Our problems are the biggest problems. If we purify ourselves, if we organize our mixed and inchoate selves into reputable self-government, we have solved the riddle of democracy. And as the struggle goes on it is well that all who love their country and their city should appreciate what has been done for the cause by those who have daily stamped their imprint upon the public press.

We would not have them feel that the people are unmindful of their work or ungrateful. We must pay fitting tribute to Kohlsaat, proprietor of the Herald and Post, and to Lawson, of the News and Record, who have led in the upward movement. And now the Tribune is splendidly potent in the forces of reform. We must not overlook the Chronicle, which, with all its sad political history, has usually been true to the ideals. Then there is Turner, who is backing up the valorous Peter "Dooley" Dunne with all the power of the Journal. In the offices of these dailies the whole corps, from manager to reporter, are enlisted in the good fight with heart and soul. There sits McAuliffe hating iniquity with an honest vehemence that might almost lead to profanity. There is Dennis, managing editor of the Record, and Fay, of the News; men of light and leading. And Slason Thompson, with his splendid editorials in Post and Herald. Many more should be numbered among the city's friends in the stormy days of battle. If in the last four years there has been a falling off in the ranks of those who have ruled the city for a price, it is largely due to these men and others like them. Without their hearty help reforms could not have come. And how puny are the forces arrayed against them. If it were a question of "fair fight" and not the necessary extinction of a venomous snake, UNITY would side with the Traction companies, the boodle aldermen and the gas trust.

A New Menace.

Had anyone predicted in the dark days of '93-'96 that the American people would cheerfully light the fire under another panic-cauldron in 1897 he would have been considered close to imbecility. The battle was won for a dollar that needed no legislative enactment to force its circulation and straightaway the situation began to improve. We have had banking-panics, railroad panics and currency panics and now for the sake of variety we are harking back to the South Sea bubble for a plan of mingled idiocy and financial malice.

Day after day the press is filled with accounts of new Trusts. Whatever the status of the Trust from the sociological side, it is on the economic side that the first blow at public welfare will be struck. For the patient printing press is groaning with the labor of turning out securities in endless volume, and wherever two or three concerns are gathered together there is a good and sufficient reason for enormously increasing capitalization.

The careful man of business must in good years make large profits to tide him over the lean years. Not so the Trust. By some alleged prevision, a Trust can always calculate on an evenness of profit. Cut dividend rates to six per cent. or seven and issue "securities" to match. Multiply the dividend fund of good times by 16 2-3 and the public will buy the stock.

It is the same old story on the part of the promoters, they assure the public that out of nothing they can create value, and a greedy, gullible people with a mania for gambling go to the counter and buy the wind and water hoping to sell to someone more stupid at a profit. The foundations of the stock issues are, first, human management which is changing and uncertain, second, conditions of production and demand which are beyond trust control, third, and here is the sinister moral side, government aid or protection which must often be secured by bribery.

If the Trust succeeds in paying dividends on what has been made out of paper and ink it is probable that the consumer is wronged. It is probable that he buys in a market so controlled by legislation that he is deprived of the cheapened price which advancing civilization should give him. If the Trust fails, the building falls on the just and unjust, for as a man soweth so shall other men reap. When the insider is hurt the common shareholder is ruined, when the employer suffers the employe goes hungry. When the directors spend less at the club the laborers go with-

out a fire. On the Stock Exchanges of to-day they are brewing for us all a witches dope, another panic.

Unconscious perhaps of what he is doing the man who is promulgating the printed lie on the certificate is a conspirator against public welfare. The purchaser is either gambling that some one will be more foolish than himself or he is so "innocent" as to need a guardian.

Some Problems of National Expansion.

BY EDWIN BURRITT SMITH.

"Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes."

The time has already come when but the echoes of the guns and drums of our great captains remain. We even now stand face to face with problems which involve vastly more than a few petty additions to our foreign trade, or even the welfare of the alien peoples of some near and remote islands.

The acquisition of remote islands, already occupied by half-civilized races wholly unfit for self-government and having a climate in which white men cannot or will not live, is but an incident in an established national policy or a vital departure from that policy. If the former, we have but promptly to admit these islands to statehood as we have done with all earlier acquisitions of territory of sufficient population. If the latter, we cannot too soon determine whether and to what extent we may assume to govern or share in governing their people without the exercise by Congress of self-assumed and despotic powers.

The constitution created a nation of states, "an indissoluble union of indestructible states." It called into being a United States of America, not a United States of America and Asia. It was its purpose "to form a more perfect [not a less perfect] union. * * * and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." Every person born or naturalized within the union was to be a citizen of the nation and of the state of his residence. All the people of the nation were to constitute a brotherhood of citizens having equal rights before the law, which might not be denied or abridged because of race or color. There were to be no subjects, but only citizens. The government was to derive its powers from the consent of the governed. This consent was to be manifested by something more than mere acquiescence. It contemplated the active participation by the governed in a government which was to be all their own and which they would alone control. Congress might organize territorial governments for the administration of the sparsely settled national domain outside the states; but the territorial form of government was to be but temporary and merely preparatory to statehood. Such was our scheme of popular government; and, until by the chances of aggressive and uncontested warfare we blockaded a single port of a distant archipelago inhabited by half-civilized and savage men, there was none among us to wish it otherwise.

The question now is, can these islands be acquired without their becoming the property, the territory, of the United States? If such territory, they will at once be subject to our constitution and general laws. The moment new territory is incorporated into the national domain its inhabitants, without naturalization, become citizens of the United States, and as such "entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states." The Supreme Court has held that "the provisions of the constitution relating to trials by jury for crimes and to criminal prosecutions apply to the territories of the United States;"[1] that Congress, in legislating for the territories and District of Columbia, is subject to those fundamental limitations in favor of personal rights which are formulated in the constitution and its amendments;[2] and that all citizens of the United States have "the right to come to the seat of government," to have "free access to its seaports," and to pass freely from one part of the country to every other part.[3] The Supreme Court has also, as late as March last, held under the clause of the fourteenth amendment which provides that "all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside," American-born Chinamen of alien parentage are citizens and free from the provisions of the exclusion acts and *treatises;* also that Congress has no authority "to restrict the effect of birth, declared by the constitution to constitute a sufficient and complete right of citizenship."[4]

The Supreme Court has also said: "The power to expand the territory of the United States by the admission of new states is plainly given; and, in the construction of this power by all the departments of the government, it has been held to authorize the acquisition of territory, not fit for admission at the time, but to be admitted as soon as its population and situation would entitle it to admission. It is acquired to become a state, and not to be held as a colony and governed by Congress with absolute authority. * * * Whatever the political department of the government shall recognize as within the limits of the United States, the judicial department is also bound to recognize, and to administer in it the laws of the United States so far as they apply, and to maintain in the territory the authority and rights of the government; and also the personal rights and rights of property of individual citizens, as secured by the constitution."[5]

The same court, as late as 1884, said: "The personal and civil rights of the inhabitants of the territories are secured to them, as to other citizens, by the principles of constitutional liberty which restrain all the agencies of government, state and national; their political rights are franchises which they hold as privileges in the legislative discretion of the Congress of the United States."[6]

Here lies the distinction. Congress possesses the same general powers, subject to the same limitations, over the territories and their people as it exercises over the states and their inhabitants. In addition, it has the same powers in respect to the local affairs of the territories, subject only to the same constitutional restraints, as the states exercise over their local affairs.[7]

The Supreme Court has further said: "It cannot be admitted that the King of Spain could, by treaty or otherwise, impart to the United States any of his royal

prerogatives; and much less can it be admitted that they have capacity to receive or power to exercise them. Every nation acquiring territory, by treaty or otherwise, must hold it subject to the constitution and laws of its own government."[7]

The conclusion seems irresistible that all islands acquired through the war against Spain, and made part of the territory of the United States, will be subject to our constitution and general laws; that their inhabitants will be citizens of the United States and of the several states in which they choose to reside; that as such citizens they will come and go at will throughout the entire country; that their government by Congress will be subject to the fundamental limitations in favor of personal rights which are formulated in the constitution and its amendments; and that, under the constitutional requirement that "all duties, imposts and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States," by our high tariffs we shall grind their people into the dust as Spain has done before us. Otherwise, the Supreme Court must hold that Congress may acquire territory conditioned that it shall not be subject to the consitution; that it is discretionary with Congress whether acquired territory shall be its private possession or the property of the United States; in a word, that Congress may in its discretion assume and exercise despotic power.

There is no room for half-way acquisitions of territory. Divided sovereignty is impossible. We must acquire these islands completely or not at all. The suggestion of insular local governments, organized under and subject to our authority, with which the United States may enter into treaty relations in the form of "treaty constitutions," all questions thereunder to be submitted to our Supreme Court or a mixed court, assumes an unsuspected elasticity in the constitution. "All treaties" must be "made under the authority of the United States," and our courts can exercise only "the judicial power of the United States." It cannot be maintained that, under the constitution, the authority of our government and courts extends to the creation and execution of "treaty-constitutions" for the entire government of foreign territory. Much less may Congress evade the constitution by so-called treaties with local agencies of its own creation for the government of territory of the United States. It should also be noted that the President has power to nominate and appoint judges and "other officers of the United States," not judges and governors-general for the administration of the laws of other countries.

The United States may and should decline to accept jurisdiction of any of the islands of which it has deprived Spain. It may encourage and aid in the formation of the best native governments now possible. With such sovereign governments it may then enter into treaties providing for the "open door," consular courts with jurisdiction of all questions affecting foreigners, and for the supervision for a time by the United States of their foreign relations. In return for these concessions, the United States might also for a time guarantee such governments from foreign interference. In this way we can exhibit to the world a national disinterestedness which is now widely questioned, secure all proper rights for our commerce and that of other commercial nations, and discharge any real or supposed duty to the peoples of these islands. Thus will be secured to these peoples the greatest good, freedom from outside aggression and opportunity to work out their own salvation in their own way.

The assumption that Congress may, under any circumstances, exercise powers not conferred by the constitution is entirely novel and fraught with the gravest dangers. It involves the admission that Congress may, without regard to the constitution, determine the extent of its powers. The supremacy of the constitution must be preserved unless ours is to become a government of men instead of a government of laws.

It is a law of physics that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. Abraham Lincoln but declared the application of this law to the realm of politics when he declared that "this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." Under his own splendid leadership his prediction that the union would cease to be divided was gloriously fulfilled. The question for our generation is whether we shall voluntarily again divide it; whether we shall permit to be set up at Washington despotic power there to compete with delegated authority for final supremacy; whether, in our desire to rescue others from excessive taxation, we shall take it upon ourselves in perpetuity; whether, in the vain effort to share our institutions with half-civilized men, we shall destroy their character.

1. Thompson vs. Utah, 170 U. S., 343, 346.
2. American Publishing Society vs. Fisher, 166 U. S., 464, 468.
3. Crandall vs. Nevada, 6 Wall. (U. S.), 35
4. United States vs Wong Kim Ark., 169 U. S., 649, 703.
5. Scott vs. Sanford, 19 How. 393.
6. Murphy vs. Ramsey, 114 U. S., 15, citing Scott vs. Sanford with approval.
7. First National Bank v. Yankton, 101 U. S. 129.
8. Pollard vs. Hogan, 3 How. (U. S.), 312.

Conscience is harder than our enemies; knows more; accounts with more nicety.—George Eliot.

Hymn.

All father, infinite, great heart of Love,
Incline thine ear as bends the heaven above!
I lift my heart in grateful love to thee,
The all in all, who gavest life to me.

Steadfast upholder of my inmost mind,
With thy pervading life, my life entwined
As each small drop from ocean overflows,
My growing strength thy boundless strength bestows.

Dear, sure sustainer, with this high estate
Of dowered selfhood, all my soul's elate;
The stains and soil of earth grow white and clear,
The glory of the coming day is here!

ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL.

A Song of the Future.

Sail fast, sail fast,
Ark of my hopes, Ark of my dreams;
Sweep lordly o'er the drowned Past,
Fly glittering through the sun's strange beams;
Sail fast, sail fast,

Breaths of new buds from off some drying lea,
With news about the Future scent the sea;
My brain is beating like the heart of Haste,
I'll loose me a bird upon this Present waste;
Go, trembling song,
And stay not long; oh, stay not long,
Thou'rt only a gray and sober dove,
But thine eye is faith and thy wing is love.

Sidney Lanier.

Notes.

Among the great discoveries of the year, not the least important is that which has been made in the way of country. Experimental tests show that it will become in Canada to make use of the immense bogs of that country. Experimental tests show that it will become a close competitor with coal. It is contended that the cost of production is no greater than that of mining coal, while there will be a great saving of freight, owing to the close proximity of the peat beds. With the new discoveries in the ways of using cornstalks and cotton waste and even sawdust, and the peat bogs, we may well say that the door to wealth lies with an agriculturalist always near at hand. What he needs most of all to do, is to brighten his wits to discover what others have not found out before him.

Modern Medicine says that "The best rule is to so use ourselves that we shall live on our interest, and not on the capital of our nerves." It warns us that the use of drugs can neither give health nor strength. They can only whip up a tired system to do a little more work —only to be worse off for our so doing. It says, "Both alcohol and cocaine have the property of benumbing nerve sensibility, so that the wearied man taking a dose of cocoa wine may be relieved of the sense of fatigue, just as he might be if he swallowed a dose of morphine or any one of half a dozen other drugs; but he is not rested. He simply does not know that he is tired, when he is tired." It follows that we don't wish to make fools of ourselves, and if we do not, we should let alone stimulants and narcotics, including tea, coffee, and tobacco. Run your system on clean and wholesome food; and do what nature endows you with strength to do; *renewing yourself* as nature ordains every man must do with adequate sleep.

B. Fay Mills, in a capital discourse, says that he can see already the beginning of the church that is to come. It will be "a simple church, a human church, a pure church, a loving church. Her foundations will be the revelation of God in men and in man, without creeds or set forms, or priests, or presbyteries, or authoritative councils of any sort. She will be a church full of sympathy and humility, with clear vision, and high impulses, and unmeasured spiritual power at once the representative and the inspirer of the human race. She will know neither male nor female, high nor low, rich nor poor, good nor bad, but love shall be all and in all. She will believe all things, and hope all things, and endure all things, and bear all things, and shall conquer all things. . . . I see the wicked made holy; I see the perplexed enlightened; I see the poor enriched; I see justice enthroned at last." Freedom enlarges a man's vision wonderfully to see good things, and God.

The Independent tells us that in a Boston school, a teacher, returning from a short absence from her room, found a little colored girl pounding with all her weight on the head of a little Jewish girl, whom she had well jammed down into her seat. With every blow, the little negress exclaimed, "Now will you say that Jesus didn't rise from the dead? Now, will you say Jesus Christ didn't rise from the dead?" What would have become of the little victim of sound theology we can not say, had not the teacher come in in time to interfere, and drag away the orthodox and indignant owner of two sound fists. Remonstrated with, she exclaimed, "But he *did* rise from the dead, didn't he?" This is a capital illustration of the spirit of some of our religious newspapers—when they come in contact with anyone whom they suspect does not believe what they are supposed themselves to believe.

I cannot conceive a finer illustration of second-childhood than for a man to close up the nineteenth century with groans and lamentations over the fact that things are not now as they used to be; and especially at the prospect of still farther changes. Let him set down with a map of the world as it was, or as it was known in 1800, and then let him take a map of the world as it probably will be in 1900. Let him draw a line across the Nicaragua isthmus; and imagine the canal already dug. Let him draw his finger along down where the Suez Canal has already revolutionized European commerce. Let him then trace the Siberian railroad, which will very soon unite Moscow with the capital of Corea, and practically Japan. Let him then imagine the railroad, which is sure to be built from Cairo in Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope, and he will probably be able to draw a quiet breath and sit easy in his chair, while he thinks of the possible relations which the United States may bear not only with Hawaii and the Philippines, but with China and Australia. Commercially, socially, as in all other ways, the world is going through a revolution greater than ever it felt before, and probably greater than will ever occur hereafter. Let us hope to live for another quarter of a century.

Professor W. P. Trent, in a recent number of the *Forum*, argues strongly that the greatest English poem of the nineteenth Century is not Tennyson's "In Memoriam," or anything from Browning, or from Shelley, but that it is Byron's "Don Juan." He says, "It is in my opinion the single sustained work of poetic imagination produced in nineteenth century England that keeps a level fight; the only one written in a style and verse form as absolutely appropriated by its author as English blank verse is by Milton, the Latin hexameter, by Virgil, and the Romantic Alexandrine, by Victor Hugo." We can go with him very far in his admiration for the mere poetic beauty and perfectness of the poem which he has named. But I do not believe that any poem saturated with the sentiment of Lord Byron's soul can stand as in all ways the masterpiece of the nineteenth cenutry. Poetry cannot be eliminated from the moral sentiments and become a purely artistic expression. Beside, I do not think the English language holds any one other poem that for sustained action, versification absolutely adapted to the purpose of the poem equal to Browning's Saul. This poem is the one, and so far as I know the only one, that does not contain a single word that can be eliminated or lack a single word that might be added to make it complete either in expression or achievement. The reader loses himself absolutely, and is carried as he is carried by no other piece of English verse directly toward the end the author has in view. If he is capable of reading the poem he is entirely lost to himself, and made a part of the poem. I advise you to read Saul with the intent of seeing if you can read it.

A good deal of discussion is going on not only in England and America, but in the Latin nations themselves as to the cause of the decline of the Latin races as compared with the Anglo-Saxon. It is charged somewhat loosely that the cause of the decline of France and Italy, and Spain, is due to Roman Catholicism. Macaulay first started the problem some thirty years ago. His position and that of others is that auricular confession robs the individual of individual morality and weakens his character. In other words he throws responsibility upon priests. The argument is that you cannot have a strong and energetic nation composed of persons who run every other week to another man to have their sins forgiven. It is replied that as a matter of fact the large majority of adults in the Latin nations do not at present pay any attention to confession, unless it be on the deathbed. It is far more

probable that we must seek for the rise and progress, and for the decline also of nations somewhere in the region of education. The church may be responsible for very much mischief, politics for more, but where the school fails to give the citizen a thorough training of his faculties, he is surely going to fail in the world's competition with those who receive the best information and intellectual furnishing.

The Watchman, a Baptist paper, makes a capital point when it says that the bane of the Sunday-school is uniformity. "The assumption that because a hundred or a thousand or a hundred thousand schools are doing this or that or the other, therefore this particular school should do it," it pronounces to be assumption and nothing else. In other words, if a school is to be good for anything, it must have individuality. If you cannot secure a thoroughly individualized man or woman to control and individualize the school, you had better not have one at all. This we firmly believe, that a very large proportion of our Sunday-schools exist only to illustrate the fact that they had better not exist.

E. P. POWELL.

*Song of Slaves in the Desert.

Where are we going? Where are we going?
Where are we going, Rubee?
Lord of peoples, lord of lands
Look across these shining sands,
Through the furnace of the noon,
Through the white light of the moon.
Strong the Ghiblee wind is blowing,
Strange and large the world is growing;
Speak and tell us, where we are going?
Where are we going, Rubee?

Bornon land was rich and good,
Wells of water, fields of food,
Dourra fields and bloom of bean,
And the palm tree cool and green:
Bornon land we see no longer,
Here we thirst and here we hunger,
Here the Moorman smites in anger:
Where are we going, Rubee?

When we went from Bornon land
We were like the leaves and sand,
We were many, we are few;
Life has one and death has two:
Whitened bones our path are showing,
Thou All-seeing, thou All-knowing!
Hear us, tell us, where are we going?
Where are we going, Rubee?

Moons of marches from our eyes,
Bornon land behind us lies;
Stranger round us day by day
Bends the desert circle gray;
Wild the waves of sand are flowing,
Hot the winds above them blowing,—
Lord of all things! Where are we going?
Where are we going, Rubee?

We are weak, but thou art strong;
Short our lives, but Thine is long;
We are blind, but Thou hast eyes;
We are fools, but Thou art wise;
Thou our morrow's pathway knowing,
Through the strange world round us growing,
Hear us, tell us, where are we going?
Where are we going, Rubee?

John Greenleaf Whittier.

"Let our God's praise
Go bravely through the world at last. What care
Through thee or me?"

It is a long way from granite to the oyster; farther yet to Plato, and the preaching of the immortality of the soul. Yet all must come, as surely as the first atom has two sides.—Emerson.

*Written at Sebah Oasis of Zezzon, March, 1846, on hearing female slaves singing to Rubee (God).

Out Doors.

In the still, cool hour before dawn it is good to eat your oatmeal and bacon and drink your coffee and to ride out in the California mountains. It is good to feel a strong horse under you and a true rifle tucked beneath your leg. It is good to know that an honest dog is following you along the dark trail. The great horned owl, with his deep "hoo-hoo, hoo, hoo-hoo," gives you good-morning from the top of some tall spruce, as the last big star pales in the coming day.

And as daylight comes, it is good to look out over the fog-filled valleys from the brush-patched peak. How beautiful comes in the day. How the light creeps down the slopes, till rock and brush and pine are sharp and clear. And then the least rim of the sun above the ridge and golden light upon the highlands. The air grows warm, the chill is gone. Brush and tree and rock drop the black drape of dusk, drop the gray cowl of dawn. The world is glad with color. A good dog, a good horse, a good gun, a clear head and a quiet mind in a beautiful country. Surely the world is good.

"What's up, Tyo? What do you smell down in that cañon?" There are buck tracks across the trail, and fresh and big ones.

"Down, Tyo, till my horse is hitched."

"Now wait till I get out to that point of rock above the brush."

"Take him out, Tyo."

"Alleloo-oo-ow-ow!" You've jumped him. It's good to hear your pæan. You're telling me true, old dog." Hear the rocks rattle; he's going out the other side. How good it is to have an appreciative heart; one that thumps hard, but does not jar the hand or cloud the eye.

There he goes. What fine big horns. Down the first shot! You are a barbarian and you're glad of it. It's good to be a barbarian. Next to get to that buck. Breaking way through the brush, sliding down into the cañon and crowding up the other side. What if you leave a piece of shirt on an overhanging limb; what if your shins are scraped and loose rock gets into your shoes? You nailed that buck in the neck and he's yours. There sits old Tyo, panting and proud. He gives the deer a nip as you come up just to assure you that he belongs to the firm. You dress your game and tie his legs and smash and crash and slide down into the cañon with over a hundredweight on your back. Then you scratch and claw and fight your way up the slope. It's all good, and you know that if you are a barbarian, you are at any rate a man. As you break out into the trail your horse gives a perfunctory snort, a reminiscence of his coltish days, and stands very still while you swing on your buck and fasten him firm.

And then you lead back to camp, under the big oak trees, out of the glare of the sun, and unpack and unsaddle and wait for your partner to bring in his string of trout. And then you two cook and eat such a dinner as you have earned, and go to sleep in the shade.

There stands your horse dozing near the spring, with slow switching tail, head down, and eyes half closed, with one hind leg relaxed, while honest Tyo gently snores in a pile of leaves. It is good to be out doors.

In considering how securities are issued by our great trusts and corporations, we need not go far afield for shining examples. It is well to investigate upon what foundations is laid the superstructure of "earning power" which permits the evolution of "value out of nothing." There is a fallacy somewhere. It is well

to find it. The gas trust must interest us, for few of us in Chicago are out of its clutches.

We know we are getting villainously poor gas. We know we are paying a high price for it. We know there is no possibility of competition under the present law and are disgusted with the fraudulent attempts of the past. We know that coal is cheaper than ever and that vastly more gas is made from a ton than was made years ago. We look at the stock and bond issues of the trust, we estimate the cost of replacing plants and mains and we find the securities now above par to be mostly all water, and selling on the basis of assured earnings.

The earning power of the Trust is said to have been capitalized. What has really been capitalized is a merciless monopoly, firmly spiked down by the venality of our legislature and executive.

Extortion has been capitalized. Back of the millions not represented by tangible assets are the bartered souls of our public servants. They have bonded our folly and our bad citizenship. They have issued certificates against our apathy and the corruptness of our government. The lost integrity of the state of Illinois is back of those issues. The unprejudiced, unmoral, open market says they have done well—that the license to pick our pockets is valid and is enduring.

But a new hope is dawning in this "socialistic," "anarchistic," "revolutionary" uprising in favor of municipal ownership of quasi-public monopolies.

No state legislature and no governor can alienate the public right of "eminent domain." Though every other avenue of competition is cut off; this one is wide open, and if we ever retrieve for our descendants the folly that elected such a legislature and such a Tanner it will be by making it possible for the public to compete with the gas trust.

One of Governor Altgeld's colleagues on the bench has described him as "possessed of the genius of hatred." And it is, moreover, an ingenious genius. It seems to carry its possessor or its possessed into strange hallucinations and bad company. A personal hatred of President Cleveland doubtless drove him to support the 16-to-1 theory, which some of his near acquaintances claim is contrary to his real opinions. And now Mayor Harrison is the beneficiary of that monstrous spleen. Mayor Harrison is not attacked on account of the civil service system, as practiced, not because he has kept in office Chief of Police Kipley and Corporation Counsel Thornton. Those charges would not gain democratic votes of the kind the governor needs to make his hatred and his jealously tell. No, Mayor Harrison is vigorously attacked in the one part of his armor that, to the fair and intelligent portion of the public, is the strongest. The governor accuses Harrison of being in secret league with the traction companies. Mr. Croker could doubtless truthfully tell a different story of his interviews with Messrs. Yerkes and Harrison. The mayor's every action belies such a charge. It is rule or ruin with Governor Altgeld, preferably ruin, because that is the end and object of hate. If civil service were being administered with less irregularities and sixty-day tendencies, and if Chief Kipley and the tape games were not so willing to lie down in pasture together, no independent voter could turn his back upon the mayor, who has made so brave and effective a fight upon the worst of public enemies. It will be sadly amusing to see Governor-Altgeld, a man respected in this community and generally believed to be personally honest, it will be worse than amusing to see this man line up with Powers and O'Brien, with McInerny and Cullerton, whom no one has ever accused of any such weakness, and all for the sake of hate. WILLIAM KENT.

Some Recent Addresses.

The late discourse of an eminent New York divine on "Higher Critic Myths and Moths," in which he paid his respects to a certain great University and intimated that it had been founded by the Evil One to overcome Christ's kingdom with, at once suggests Lucas Van Leyden's painting of the Temptation nearly two centuries ago, in which Satan was pictured as a University student clothed in a scholar's gown, with a scholar's cap on his head from which a long serpent streamed to the ground. One is also reminded of Dr. Donne's sermon before Oliver Cromwell at Whitehall in which he affirmed that the Muses were damned spirits of Devils. This view finds some little confirmation in a poem of Heine's, translated by Leland:

> "I called the Devil and he came;
> In blank amaze his form I scan.
> He is not ugly, is not lame,
> But a refined, accomplished man."

His connections with the universities is indicated by this:

> "He is somewhat pale, and no wonder either,
> Since he studies Sanskrit—,"

but some other lines of the poem throw doubt upon the question of his connection with the Higher Criticism:

> "Of criticism he makes no mention,
> Since all such matters unworthy attention
> He leaves to his grandmother Hecate."

However, all the evil influences now charged upon the schools was anticipated by Governor Berkeley of Virginia long ago. In 1871 the Lord Commissioners of Plantations interrogated him in regard to provisions made for public schools, and he wrote in reply: "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years, for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them. God keep us from both." A few years later the printing press was prohibited in Virginia.

From this severe indictment of the Universities we turn to another recent address by a yet more eminent clergyman, the Chancellor of a great University, and made on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of another great University, and take here and there a few sentences:

> "Hostility between the church and the University! Never! Nothing but an everlasting unity, a beautiful and sweet alliance.* * *
>
> The church is not, and never has been, the opponent of science.* * *
>
> We forget that the persecutor of Galileo, and all others who ventured to interfere with the growth of thought, were only the administrators of the hour. It was never the wish of the church.* * * The church itself has in no case been on the side of ignorance, but has always been the champion of the highest and broadest knowledge."

And this in the face of the fact that Giordano Bruno was tortured by the machinery of the church, confined in a dungeon seven years and finally burned at the stake by the executive authoritative of the church, and when 400 years later a monument was erected to his memory it met the condemnation of the ecclesiastical body that burned him. In face of the weary prison life of Roger Bacon and the glare of the flames which consumed Servetus, how trivial is the word-quibbling which seeks to save the church by repudiating the action of its highest representatives! In closing the chancellor offers as a motto for the future of the University whose anniversary they were celebrating: "The broadest Christian scholarship all the years to come; *scholarship with the word of God for its basis*, but the widest scholarship, embracing all fields and fearing no results." The precise charge

against Galileo was that the heliocentric theory of the universe was not on the basis of the word of God. Bruno taught against God's word, said the church, in repudiating the trinity and the doctrine that death came into the world by sin. This condition accepted closes the doors to all freedom in scholarship. It is stretching across the thoroughfares the laws of Moses as Huxley declared. For a hundred years, said another University President on the same occasion, every one connected with Harvard as governor or teacher had to be a member of the established church of Massachusetts. The limitation of instruction to a sect is scarcely more hostile to intellectual growth than its limitation to a fixed interpretation of a book. How much braver and nobler is the sentiment of another college president at the congress at Omaha: "The ultimate end of religion is to do the right because it is right, to seek the truth because it is truth!"

One more quotation from an address of yet another chancellor of a great university. It is from the baccalaureate sermon preached at the last commencement of the university over which the chancellor presided:

"The resurrection of Jesus is as much a fact of history, confirmed and established, as the capture of Jerusalem by the crusaders or the victory of Wellington on the plains of Waterloo."

The speaker is a man of generally recognized culture and of national reputation. He cannot be uninformed as to the fact that many educated men reject the doctrine of the resurrection; that there has never been a time when it was universally accepted. It is not a question of its truth or of his own convictions. It is the language of a carefully prepared address. It was made to a body of students under his administration whose future was more or less to be shaped by his hand. Who has ever questioned the victory of Wellington? Can the resurrection be said in any sense whatever to be as well established in the minds of men? On the contrary, the very sentence in which it was proclaimed gives evidence to the speaker's knowledge that he was making an assertion that would not go unchallenged. Was this the reason of his emphatic language? Was it to close the door to further discussion in the realm over which he presided.

L. P. BURDICK.

McDonough, N. Y., Nov. 21, 1898.

Thank God for the night and darkness and sleep, in which good things draw nigh like God's thieves and steal themselves in—water into wells and peace and hope and courage into the minds of men.

It is the element common to all the creeds that gives its central value to each.

The best men and the weightiest questions are never seen in the forefront of the battle of their time, save by "larger other eyes than ours."

The only service which can degrade is that which is unwillingly rendered.

There is more of the heart of religion in the taking of strength from the love of God to do the commonest duty, than in all the longing for a blessed hereafter of which the soul is capable.

The loss that sets any affection, aching and longing, heaves, as on a wave from the very heart of the human ocean, the laboring spirit up toward the source of life and restoration.

Well-being is a condition of inward calm, resting upon yet deeper harmonies of being, and resulting in serene activity.

I should fall out with the very beating of the heart within my bosom did I not believe it the pulse of the infinite heart.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

The Pulpit.

Life's Challenge.

A Sermon by the Rev. Caroline Bartlett Crane of Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Could we have the complete history of even the simplest human life, we would possess something of more value than all existing works of psychology, of more interest than the most thrilling novel that was ever written.

We all long for real glimpses into other's hearts. All biography, whether of the living man in the world, or the living fancy in the author's brain, is an undertaking to show forth a life, not the mere adjuncts and equipage thereof, but *the life* which, according to its power, chooses or refuses circumstance.

There have been a few men and women who have dared to lay bare their hearts to themselves, perhaps to the world. Some have thus performed a doubtful service, uncovering what were better hidden, if it must indeed exist. Others have failed to reveal the real self through the veil of affectation or pretension that almost inevitably drapes itself about such portraiture intended for the public gaze. The truest self-revelations are those made not for the eyes of others, but for the writer's self, for his reproof, instruction, self-communion and then by chance, or by the writer's after determination, given to the world. Such would seem to be the "Meditations" of Marcus Antoninus, the "Imitations" of Thomas à Kempis, and the "Thoughts" of that strange, shy, lonely, melancholy genius, Henri Frédéric Amiel, whose Private Journal of thirty years has been given us since his death.

Here is no diary of an egotist; nor of a man chewing his pen for *Pensees* to dispose of for either francs or fame. We may say, he writes not so much of himself as to himself—for relief of those burning thoughts which he, so shyly and self-contained, could not attempt to utter to another; for arraignment of that fell spirit of inaction which forever choked life's grander promises, for pathetic pleading of excuse, to soften his self-condemnation. He wrote to comfort himself of his hope of loving and being loved, always deferred, because, "having staked so much on this card," he says, "I dare not play it." And he died, never having given his heart away.

And he wrote, because he must, of all those splendid overwhelming images that haunted his mind—of eternity, of The Eternal, of the eternal mystery of Life and all that lives. A melancholy, lonely man, quietly filling his professor's chair in Geneva, little known or appreciated while he lived, who, dead, speaks to us as if it were the things we have always vaguely thought and felt grown suddenly articulate within us. He has written of the things that are of him because they are of all men. The personal equation is just enough to make you feel, now and then, the touch of the hand that held the pen, the glance of the eye that could shine and weep as well as see.

And Amiel with all his vision and his lonely power, it is Amiel who cries out to himself: "In the name of Heaven, who art thou?—what wilt thou?—wavering, unconstant creature? What future lies before thee? What duty or what hope appeals to thee? My longing, my search, is for love, for peace, for something to fill my heart; an idea to defend; a work to which I might devote the remainder of my strength; an affection which might quench my inner thirst, a cause for which I might die with joy. I long for true religion, for serious sympathy, the ideal life; for paradise, immortality, holiness, faith, inspiration, and I know not what besides! But shall I *ever* find them?"

At sixty he died, with the weary conviction that his

life had been a failure. Neither love, nor peace, nor any great work, nor anything to fill his heart and life, had come to him.

On the first pages of Amiel's Journal, we find a partial explanation of his failure to attain the things his heart longed for. He, then a young man scarcely thirty, writes: "The fatality of the consequences which follow upon every human act—the most tragic element of life—arrests me more certainly than the arm of the Commander. I only act with regret, and almost by force. . . . All that is necessary, providential—in short, unimputable—I could bear, I think, with some strength of mind. But responsibility, mortally enormous grief, and as an act is essentially voluntary, therefore I act as little as possible."

Again he says: "The joy of becoming once more conscious of myself, of listening to the passage of time and the flow of the universal life, is sometimes enough to make me forget every desire and to quench in me both the wish to produce and the power to execute." He is overcome by the Infinite; nothing he can do seems worth while. Whatever he might do seems fraught with peril to his inner life of thought, his one refuge, his one joy. "And so," he says, "confidence and spontaneity of life are drifting out of my reach, and this is why I can no longer act. I play scales, as it were, I run up and down my instrument. But the work itself remains unachieved. I am always preparing and never accomplishing, and my energy is swallowed up in a kind of barren curiosity."

"He passed away," says Mrs. Humphrey Ward, his English translator, "feeling that all was over, and the great game of life was lost forever." A few days before the end, April 10, 1881, he writes: "She read over to me letters of 1844 and 1845—letters of mine. So much promise, to end in so meagre a result! What creatures we are! I shall end like the Rhine, lost among the sands, and the hour is close by when my thread of water will have disappeared."

No! not lost in the earth, but lost in the Infinite, was the strange man whose fate we pity. And yet the few who go to his book and enter into his life, will find that which helps them on to even the things he missed, courage, action, achievement; and also to the things he gained—the comprehensive view of life, the consciousness of the immanent God in nature and in man. He sets danger-signals all along his path, that our feet may be guarded, but he points on high, that we may not totally forget the divine things that *over*-mastererd him.

"Destiny has two ways of crushing us," says Amiel somewhere, "by refusing our wishes and by fulfilling them." He might have also said: We have two ways of crushing ourselves: Under the weight of the infinite and under the weight of the trivial and the paltry. Amiel's way was sad, forlorn, and hungry-hearted; but it had dignity and grandeur, and moments of divine ecstasy and insight and power.

In these were rich compensations for him and, through him, to the world. For he was unconsciously serving the world, even when withdrawn from it upon his lonely Nebo of abstract meditation and communion with the Infinite which overpowered him to silence and inaction. The seer's best office is—to see.

But what redeems the life bent and crumpled and blinded under the gigantic rubbish heap of vanities? What profit to self, what fruit to others, even what trustworthy warnings to those who follow after? Here is the stream of life lost in the earth, indeed, not in rich valleys which the lost stream makes richer—but in the Saharah of fatuity.

For one man or woman overcome by the tremendous realities of life, there are ten-thousand thousand who succumb to the utilities. For one so engrossed in the deep problem of life that he forgets his life-work, there are legions who recognize no problem save, what shall we eat and drink and wherewith shall we be clothed and comfortable and flattered and envied to-day and on the morrow?

Now, it is reasonable to expect that the actions of an intelligent being shall not be purposeless; that they shall be organized and performed to remoter and higher ends than those of the unintelligent; that each life, like a stream, must tend somewhere, though the surface be broken by waves and ripples of incident and accident that obscure its current and direction; that the liver of that life would be more concerned with the current and direction of the stream than with the by-play of the surface; that, not content with the emptiness of purpose that may be tossed and stranded like a shell by chance waves on the shore, he would freight his ship down until the deep current of life seizes him to bear him onward *whither life goes.*

It is reasonable to expect that a *man must* ask himself "Who am I? What am I? Where am I going? What am I living *for?* What is my connection with other things and beings, with the earth, with history, with present good or evil, with things to come, hoped for or dreaded; with the human beings I see around me? What is the meaning of it all, and what is my meaning in it?

Why should I think I was not made to die? What is the need of me in this universe, to justify that audacious hope? If I do not know, if I have not thought, if I cannot answer, for myself—why am I glad this child was born to me? Is it mere instinct? Is it the joy of seeing myself reproduced, to live on the earth even after I am dead? But if I do not know why I live, nor care, what of myself does the universe need reproduced? If I love this child, shall I not wish that it had inherited from me direction, meaning and momentum to it's life? Ah! then, I should have taken them to my own!

How many of us must say: I once had visions, felt noble stirrings, generous purposes. I once saw a shining goal that lit the hills of difficulty between. But somehow life's horizons have steadily drawn inward, and now I busy myself only with what is near, with what I know is mean and cheap unless it have an end in something beyond. But for my children—I hope better things. How earnestly do you hope and intend better things for your children? Did you once deny the generous impulse, in the interests of an unworthy prudence; and do you now, when your child is moved as you were once moved, drop a word of caution about "always looking out for number one," and "remembering that we get no thanks for such things, you know?" You once denied yourself to the call of the brave, unpopular cause that struggled on and conquered without you and left you behind to cry sometimes in your dry and empty heart, as did Amiel, for an idea to defend, a cause for which you might die with joy. "Some great cause, God's new Messiah," speaks to one of your household now—and do you say: "My son, my daughter, listen, answer, follow;—because I did not, because I failed—oh! do not *you* fail, but *go* wherever it shall lead you, for the way is *right.*" Do you say this, or do you fail to see the greatness of this cause, because you failed to seize that other; or, seeing it, do you mention the difficulties, the thanklessness of such a task, the annoyances and misconstructions, and the social odium attaching to it, and all the disagreeable people in it, and all the nice, comfortable people outside of it—and "so many other things to do, you know;" and "life is short"—ah! life were better shorter if it is for such living as this!

Did your life sink long ago into the daily round of eating and drinking and being as merry as you can—and working what you must to these ends solely; and

now, do all the customs and maxims of the household invite the children to the same? You once parried the earnest, urgent prophetic thoughts that beset you to make these mere things of life minister to life itself; and now have you so far forgotten this divine denied moment, that you do not understand what ails your child in the dumb struggle between the ideal and the sordid actual that is going on within him? He is morbid, you say; or, he is not well; he is not himself. O, father, mother, he is struggling to *be* himself, to assert himself above all the petty maxims of home and school and street. He has *heard* somewhere, as you once heard, that a man should *seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness,* and he comes home, to ask *you* if that is so. Not to ask in words, because these things are not talked about by the fireside—but he comes to *look* at you and *see* if it is so. And you feel that there is some trouble in his mind or some disorder in his health, and you send him to the doctor, or offer to help him with his algebra, or get him a bicycle, or do anything and everything but have a heart to heart talk with your child about the meaning and the object of life.

If he is very brave, and, in spite of everything, breaks his trouble to you in words, if he tries to tell you of those tuggings at his heart, those calls to something—oh! he knows not what; yea, of those inarticulate fears and tumults of life and death that sometimes seize and shake him in the still wakeful midnight hour—can you unfold him in a gentle, comprehending sympathy that soothes him but does not smother this cry of his greater nature; can you open your own heart and show him that you, too, hear and listen and seek to obey the inner voice, the Over-Voice—or, are you embarrassed and afraid of your child in this guise, and make haste to recall some formal texts or passages of scripture you may quote—only to (but) show, alas! that your own life produces nothing that will answer to your child's momentous need?

"Well," says the boy or girl, "I guess father and mother have managed to get along without bothering much over these things—I don't know what's the matter with me. Maybe I *am* sick or what they call "morbid." I don't know. I don't see anybody else worrying very much about these things. I suppose the best way is not to think about 'em anymore 'n you can help. Maybe I'll outgrow 'em, like father and mother."

It is quite likely that he will; quite likely that this divine unrest, these growing pains of the soul, that might have brought him above the stature of common men into a son of God, will be eased by the anæsthesia of the common air about him, and he, too, will become as others.

Is it for this that, as Wordsworth says,

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," but
Shades of the prison-house begin to close upon the growing Boy;
That he beholds the light and whence it flows.
He sees it in his joy;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

How is it to be so much better for the children?

Shall we shift the realization of our better selves on and on from year to year—and then at last take comfort of our defeat in glorious hopes for those who shall live after us?

But what of ourselves? We are the children of our parents—do we fulfill their hopes—reclaim and redeem their deserted ideals? Do we not know that not what they once vaguely longed for, but what they *were,* or what they bravely *tried* to be, is their good legacy to us. Not what they abandoned, but what they clung to, is ours. And this the law of hereditary in the moral and spiritual, as in the physical life, it is the law for you and yours, as it was for them and theirs. What you hold as attainment, or as the constantly cherished and striven-for ideal—is what you give; and so, *of course,* it is not the words of staid and formal counsel that you utter on occasion in your capacity as head of the family; it is not the verses read from the Bible nor even the words of petition uttered on bended knees at family prayers—it is what you *exhale* in daily conduct, and look, and unpremeditated comment and suggestion, that constitutes your environment of your child.

What you are, makes your contribution to your child's heredity. What you are, makes your part of your child's environment.

What, then, is the challenge of life—for your own—for all that you can ever pass on to another, and thus down the ages to come?

Hear it in the words of Amiel: "The old generation is going. What will the new bring us? What shall we ourselves contribute? *Who* is preparing to bear the weight of the future? A shiver seizes us when we approach the zenith, and when Destiny says to us: Show what is in thee! Now is the moment, now is the hour, else fall back into nothingness! Tit is thy turn! Give the world thy measure, say thy word, reveal thy nullity or thy capacity. Come forth from the shade! It is no longer a question of promising—thou must perform. The time of apprenticeship is over. Servant, show us what thou hast done with thy talent. Speak now, or be silent forever.' This appeal of the conscience is a solemn summons in the life of every man, solemn and awful as the trumpet of the last judgment. It challenges: 'Art thou ready? Give an account. Give an account of thy years, thy leisure, thy strength, thy studies, thy talent, and *thy works.* Now and here is the hour of great hearts, the hour of heroism, the hour of genius.'" *Who art thou?*

Can you and I escape life's challenge? Can we plead few talents, small leisure, little strength?

But we are only called to be and do the best we can. Not because his servant had one talent only did the Master in the parable take that away from him, but because he hid it, despised it, abused it—was not worthy of it. Not the greatness of our action but the greatness of the spirit in which we perform all action, is *our* greatness. We are told "Whoso neglects a thing which he suspects he ought to do, because it seems to him too small a thing, is deceiving himself; it is not too little, but too great for him, that he doeth it not." And again: "The divinest views of life penetrate most clearly into the meanest emergencies; so far from petty principles being best proportioned to petty trials, a heavenly spirit taking up its abode with us can alone sustain well the daily toils, and tranquilly pass the humiliations of our condition."

So then, no greatness of soul can ever be wasted on a humble lot. The lot is not the life. The soul, which is merely clothed by circumstances, is the life. Who art thou? What art thou? Answer not, I am the occupant of such a house, the possessor of such a name, the owner of such property, the worker in such a calling, the holder of such a place in my little world's estimation."

Answer, I am a man fierce to hold my manhood, my integrity, my conscience, my ideals, my divine purpose and destiny, wherever I be, whatever I keep or lose that can be lost, I will live if I may. I will be happy if I may. I will be esteemed if I may. But I *will* be true."

Or, answer: "I will be true if I *can*—but I *will* live, I *will* be happy, I *will* have what the world calls good. I seek all other things to be added unto me,

willing that the Kingdom of God and his righteousness shall crowd in—if they can!

One or the other of these answers each of us is giving to life's challenge. And life day by day is taking us silently at our word.

"Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleachéd garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I too late
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

We need bread and fagots, herbs and apples—but, we need kingdoms and stars and the boundless sky—not to be lost to earth therein, like Amiel—but to grow in, to become so great that we cannot lose ourselves in the earth, that we cannot surrender our lives to scraps and trifles; that we cannot forget "the great infinitudes that round us wait," the universe and eternity and ourselves a part of it all, with those yearnings in us to belong to the divineness of it, the promise of it to the future. "My father worketh hitherto, and I will work."

The Study Table.

The Asian Book-Shelf.

The "Hermit Nation," Corea, has received some share of attention in books during the last few years. Among these books is "Chosön* (The Land of the Morning Calm) by Percival Lowell. Mr. Lowell's long experience in Japan and the fact that it was official and government business that took him to Corea gave him unusual opportunities for getting a real insight into that little-known land. Two criticisms we must make on the book. First, much as we admire Mr. Lowell's style and quiet humor, we find his material too much spun out; concentration would have greatly improved it. Second, our author does not always clearly distinguish what is purely Corean from what is equally Chino-Japanese. These two criticisms made, we find the book containing a great deal of good material regarding the character of Corea and the Coreans. The Corean character is profoundly affected by three principles—the quality of impersonality, the patriarchal system, and the position of women. Perhaps these three principles are result rather than cause. However that may be, these three principles are equally related to the character of Chinese and Japanese. Mr. Lowell was most happily situated for seeing the social and ceremonial life of the higher classes and his descriptions of it are valuable. The discussions of demon-worship and folk-belief are interesting. The chapter on native mathematics is curious and instructive. Corean gardening appears to be a science with rules and details; it is, however, more formal and less beautiful than of the Japanese. The Coreans have, however, the same passionate fondness for scenery that marks the Japanese. Mr. Lowell quite fully describes Corean costumes, notable for quaintness, beauty, and brilliancy of color. But we do not propose to write a table of contents for the book. Mr. Lowell touches upon many points and always with delicacy and a sympathy which makes us like people of whom he writes.

Some books are as good fifty years after they are written as at the time of their appearance. More than half a century ago the missionary priests, Huc and Gabet, made that wonderful journey through Tartary into Thibet and out again to the Chinese coast, the description of which has now delighted generations of readers. Life and conditions in those lands have changed so little that most of Huc's description would be true to-day. But were it not so, the book would still have its full value. For it was a straightforward narrative of actual experience and a simple statement of personal observation; such narrative and statement are perennially important. No better sketch of Tartary has since appeared. As to the Thibetan part of the work—the life of lamas, the condition of lamaseries, and the doctrines of Thibetan Buddhism have never been more incisively treated. The descriptions of the perils and difficulties of travel, of the topography and of climatic phenomena, are remarkably simple and vivid. How wonderfully has the Catholic missionary penetrated the least known lands! Rarely well qualified to travel, frequently frail of body and simple of mind he has, through sheer earnestness of purpose, made his way, where strength, experience, and cunning fail. The Open Court Co. has certainly done well in bringing out an English version of "Travels in Tartary, Thibet and China,"** at this time. The two volumes are compact and convenient, the covers are ingenious and striking in color and design.

FREDERICK STARR.

Hall's "Facts About the Bible."* This is a book of about a hundred pages, which will help the earnest student who is inclined to look into matters for himself. It is not so much a continuous description of the "New Bible," revealed by modern scholarship, as a collection of clearly put statements and suggestions which serve to place the open-minded inquirer on the right track of investigation, so that he can see for himself. This, I take it, is the purpose of the author, and this purpose has been well carried out. As a suggestive handbook and guide for the intelligent reader, who wants really to know his Bible, and also know what scientific investigations have discovered respecting it, this little treatise will be very helpful. Mr. Hall has evidently devoted himself very earnestly to the general subject of which he writes. He has read the best recent books, while he has worked with commendable independence to make a statement of facts that at the same time stimulates inquiry and also holds all that was best in the old reverence for the wonderful literature. On page 21 Mr. Hall seems unduly to question the accuracy of the analysis of the Pentateuch. But as a rule he builds upon the conclusions of the "Higher Critics." May his little book he widely used. Its spirit is admirable, and the progress of religion is bound up with a larger knowledge and better use of the Bible. The book may be had by addressing the author at Turners Falls, Mass.

J. C. CROOKER.

"Catharine of Siena. An Ancient Lay Preacher." A short biography charmingly written of this daughter of a wool dyer, who became the reformer of abuses and the rebuker of wrong in high places. Her power largely lay in her identification with the sin and suffering of others. Mr. Pearson has whetted the appetite for a wider study of this woman, who at the early age of twenty-one was acting as a peacemaker, mediating between employers and artisans. (Funk & Wagnalls Company, publishers.)

"Little Peter." A Christmas Morality story for children of any age, by Lucas Malet. The story of the pine forest, with the attractive illustration on the first page, is an invitation to read further. We grow to love little Peter Lepage and his gentle mother and to be interested in the life of the family, who lived on the borders

*Chosön: The Land of the Morning Calm. Percival Lowell. Boston: 1888. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 8 vo. pp. ix. 412.

*Facts About the Bible By Rev. Angelo Hall, B. D. (Harvard).

**Travels in Tartary, Thibet and China. M. Huc. Chicago; 1898. The Open Court Publishing Co. 2 vols., pp. 326, 342.

of the great forest. Paquelin, the charcoal burner, deformed and morose, is a pathetic figure, but in the calm face of the young man, who held out his arms to little Peter as the child's feet touched the borders of the unknown land, we see the radiant soul set free from its earthly environment. Altogether the little book justifies its claim. It is good reading for children of any age. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York and Boston.)

E. L.

A book neatly printed, and containing within its pretty green covers, the story of a soul and its journeying up to the Gates of Paradise. The reader, following the mystical and ecstatic tenor of the narration, passes along through fairy landscapes, like as in a dream, moving past the great city of Atlantis, and still onward in search of the Bungalow of Existence, the home of love, peace, and plenty. And, indeed, it is a dream. Yet the soul, yearning for the repose of that immortal home, presses forward. Obstacles confront her. A stream rises and crosses her path, but the faith of the wanderer is so perfect that a bridge appears. It is at once as fragile and gigantic as the Bridge of Life, "woven of golden threads and so light in workmanship it wears the look of a web of lace hanging from the celestial dome." A voice tells her that in proportion to her faith and obedience shall the bridge be builded. Reassured, the will of her own desire carries her on and on, building and yet building a foundation more solid than brick and mortar can fashion. Her thoughts, each moment, beget new material for the completion of the master work, the bridge that carries the lower to the higher self.

The soul and its identification with the real self in man has been the subject of metaphysical speculation from time immemorial. The present book is an attempt to express in allegory, and with a language so fervid as to arouse the sympathy of the reader, the same idea. There are doubtless among the followers of the existing mystic cults many who will delight in its quaint hyperbole.

G. E. W.

We have here a fitting title to a very charming book, most happily conceived, and most charmingly carried out. The poems selected are distinguished under four heads, "Sleep," "Dreams," "Rest," and "Bed-Time Songs," and while it is not only possible, but probable, that many readers will miss one or more favorite poems, few will imagine, except foolishly, that they have had personal acquaintance with so wide a range. Had not so high a standard been observed throughout, the number of poems would have been much increased; this to our seeming gain, but real loss. John B. Tabb has an "Insomnia" sonnet which seems to us more powerful than his poem given with that name. The "Evening Hymn," on page 115, is an abbreviation of "The Evening Prayer," on page 148. It is Sir Thomas Browne's, and would deserve to be repeated if anything could deserve to be. "Upon My Lap My Sovereign Sits," page 196, given as anonymous, is Richard Rowland's. It is given as anonymous in Palgrave's Enlarged "Golden Treasury" (1890), but he discovered its authorship later and Mr. Henley has it right in his "English Lyrics."

J. W. C.

Difficulties are God's errands, and when we are sent upon them, we should esteem it a proof of God's confidence.—Beecher.

When the gymnasium has made a young man an athlete, it has done something; when the college has made him a scholar, it has accomplished more; when the school of discipline of life have made him a man, they have achieved the highest excellence.—*Exchange.*

Her Bungalo: An Alantean Memory. By Nancy McCoy Gordan. Hermetic Publishing Company, Chicago.

My Lady Sleeps. Selected by Catherine S. Page, with an introduction by John W. Chadwick. L. C. Page & Co.; Boston, 1899.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—It is not for us to despair of growing, not merely pure, but good; not merely good, but holy. God has made us for that very thing, and what God intends, that assuredly will at last be done.

MON.—We never utter a cruel or slanderous word, or hurt a child or a brute, but we are making a wound in our hearts which will smart long, long after our victim has forgotten its pain.

TUES.—The two essentials of Faith are a belief in the absolute goodness of God, and in the divine authority, conscience.

WED.—Never think that the intellect is nobler than the heart, that knowledge is greater than love. Not so! A thousand times no!

THURS.—The power of any individual to do good must depend almost, measure for measure, on the extent of that individual's power of sympathy—the wideness and the warmth of his heart.

FRI.—Each soul redeemed from self and sin must know its Calvary.

SAT.—More than our feeble hearts can pine
For holiness,
The Father in His tenderness divine
Yearneth to bless.

Frances Power Cobbe.

A Letter.

This is a letter Thackeray wrote to his little daughter. It was dated December 30, 1845:

My Dearest Nanny:—Your letter has made me and mamma very happy and very sad, too, that we are away from our dearest little girls. But I, for one, shall see you before very long—I hope in a week from this day—and only write now to wish you a "Happy New Year." How glad I am that it is a black puss, and not a black nuss, you have got! I thought you did not know how to spell "nurse" and had spelled it "en-you-double-ess;" but I see the spelling gets better as the letters grow longer; they cannot be too long for me. Laura must be a very good-natured girl. I hope my dear Nanny is so, too, not merely to her schoolmistress and friends, but to everybody—to her servants and her nurses. I would sooner have you gentle and humble-minded than ever so clever. Who was born on Christmas Day? Somebody who was so great that all the world worships him and so good that all the world loves him, and so gentle and humble that he never spoke an unkind word. And there is a little sermon, and a great deal of love and affection from papa.—*Exchange.*

A Little Flower-maker.

A little girl who makes the stems of artificial flowers for a living was sent to the country the other day by a benevolent woman. On the day of her arrival the child was taken into the garden. She marveled at the growing pansies. She felt of their petals and sniffed incredulously. "I never knew that they were real flowers," she said. "I didn't know that velvet could grow." A giant rose bush in full bloom was greeted with: "Ain't they lovely! They're much better than Félicie could make, and she's the best hand in Fleurette's factory." She picked a rose and carefully pulled it apart. "I'm going on flowers next year, but I won't make roses like this. They don't give you time to stick 'em together this way." The benevolent women thought this a good opportunity to awaken the child's soul, and pointed out the why and wherefore of the rose's perfection. The child sighed when she had finished, and said simply, "I should think He's be angry when He sees the flowers they make at Fleurette's."—*Exchange.*

Curiosities of Literature.

The unusually careful records of our early New England settlements are of extreme interest. Though there runs through them the seriousness of Puritanism, we, their degenerate descendants, may find some humor in the direct and simple autobiographies of their troubled lives.

In the early history of Suffield, Conn., we quote an extract from Major Pynchon's diary:

AGREEMENT FOR MILLSTONES.

Feb. 5th. 1672 Agreed with John Web & Zebediah Williams to make me a pr of good mill stones of good greete whout flaw to be judged by Tho" Bancroft to be as good as mine on Westfield Millstones: to be full 5 foote: 2 inches over. 15 inches deepe in ye eye & 13 inches in ye shirt wch stones are to be dlvd either at Windsor or at Stony Brooke where I please next October. If at Windsor I am to allow and pay for ym 23 £ & Gallon of Rum; if at Stony River then to pay but 21 £ & 2 Gallon of rum.

As witness our hands
John Webb
Z. W.
John Pynchon

There was always great trouble in securing a minister of the gospel.

Feb. 13th, 1693.

The Reverend Mr. Nathaniel Clap, having according to his promise accomplished his visit, and given us some taste of his labours to the liking, and great satisfaction of all, both old, and young: and now being upon a return,

Therefore, the Inhabitants of Suffiled being legally met together August ye 21st. 1693, did unanimously, and with one consent agree and vote, to manifest to the Reverened Mr. Nathaniel Clap their sincere, and hearty desire of his returne to them againe for continuance, and settlement amongst them, in the work of the ministry. Promising by God's assistance, to carry towards him, in all respects becoming christians: and to submit themselves to him as their Minister, according to the rules of ye gospel. And for his encouragement thereunto: it was also agreed and voted: to give him for his salary at the present, sixty pounds per Annum, in provision pay, at ye prise currant and to finde him his fire wood yearly. And as it shall please God to increase our number, and bless us in our estates: to add thereunto. It was allsoe agreed and voted: that if it please God to incline the heart of Mr. Clap, to a complyance with their motion, and attendance on their call, soe as to returne, settle, and spend his dayes amongst them, in ye worke of the ministry: then to give him for inheritance as followeth, viz: A Dwelling house with a porch the House containing about forty and two foot in length: twenty foot in breadth, and fourteen foot between Joynts: and to clapboard, shingle, underpin, fill the walls, digg, and stone a cellar, under one roome of said house: and to build a stack of chimneys. This house, together with the lot it stands on, containing twenty acres more or less, eight whereof is within fence; about four acres broken up, and about two acres planted to an orchard, and to make up this twenty acres, one hundred, in as convenient a place as they can.

It was agreed and voted to give Mr. Clap for his salary, Sixty pounds per annum in Money, Wheat, pork, pease and Indian corn, an equal proportion of each, or any grain as he Shall Stand in need of: and that if Mr. Clap shall please to accept of these propositions, that there shall be some man, or men chosen yearly to collect, or gather his Salary so that he shall be at no trouble to get it in.

It would appear from the records that there was no poor house, but that those incapable of self-support were aided by neighborly contributions, for which the donors were reimbursed by community appropriations. Note the glorious finale of one Goodman Segar.

Att a Anniversary Meeting of the Inhabitants of Suffield March 10th 1740 * * * * *

Also granted to Dea Joseph Rimington in town pay for seven pounds and three ounces of pork to Goodman Segar, Eight Shillings and four pence

Also granted to Ensi Josiah King in Town pay pay for one Load of wood to Segar, Six Shillings.

Also granted to Josph Winchel Six Shillings in Town pay for one Load of wood to Joseph Segar.

Also granted to Ebenezer Smith Nineteen shillings and Two pence in money for sundreys to Goodman Segar, viz.: half an ounce of blistering salve & half an ounce of Lickrish, & half an ounce of annice seede: and half an ounce of genshon: and an ounce of Metradate, and half an ounce of manna: and five grains of Rubub: and half an ounce of Cinemon: and an ounce of metradate: and an ounce of Dias Cordum: and a Gallapot.

Also granted to Cap't. Josiah Sheldon for Two ounces and six peny worth of Salamonick to Goodman Segar: Twelve Shillings and six pence.

Also granted to Benjamin Kent for a pint of Rum: a gallon of brandy and a lode of wood to Goodman Segar: seventeen shillings and eight pence.

Att a Legal Town meeting of the Inhabitants of Suffield March ye 31st 1740

* * * * * * *

Also granted to Aaron Hitchcock: Seventeen shillings and six pence in Town pay for sundreys—Viz: his bottoming a chair for the school house and making a coffin for Goodman Segar: and mending the School house.

Love Enthroned.

I marked all kindred Powers the heart finds fair:—
Truth, with awed lips, and Hope, with eyes upcast;
And Fame, whose loud wings fan the ashen Past
To signal fires, Oblivion's flight to scare;
And Youth, with still some single golden hair
Unto his shoulder clinging, since the last
Embrace wherein two sweet arms held him fast;
And Life, still wreathing flowers for Death to wear.

Love's throne was not with these, but far above
All passionate wind of welcome and farewell.
He sat in breathless bowers they dream not of,
Though Truth foreknow Love's heart, and Hope foretell,
And Fame be for Love's sake desirable,
And Youth be dear and Life be sweet to Love.

Dante Gabriel Rosetti.

Christmas Holly.

The round, bright sun in the west hung low;
It was old-fashioned Christmas weather.
I remember that fields were white with snow
As we stood by the stile together.
In the woods the berries grew thick and red;
Yet I lingered and called it "Folly!"
When you said with a smile: "Let us cross the stile
And gather some Christmas holly."

But over the fields by the frozen brook
We went where the boughs were sprinkled
With snow; and deep in a sheltered nook
The waterfall faintly tinkled.
A brave little robin sang out in the cold;
It was only young lovers' folly,
But we listened so long to the redbreast's song
That we almost forgot the holly.

Then the light died out of the golden day,
And the moon showed her silvery bow,
And we never knew if our homeward way
Lay through rose leaves or drifted snow.
One bright star shone in the pale, clear sky;
And my mother said it was folly
To listen so long to a robin's song—
But we brought home the Christmas holly.

You stir not now from our ingle nook,
And my hair is white like the snow;
For the story you told 'mid the sunset gold
Is a story of long ago.
As hand clasps hand by the winter fire,
Do you deem it an old wife's folly
That my eyes grow wet with a sweet regret
When I look at the Christmas holly?

—*Chambers' Journal.*

Come not to God as to a huckster's stall,
Chaffering with copper pieces, slowly doled;
Thou dealest with a King, who giveth all,
Or lids thee empty out thy heart in gold.

Frederick Langbridge.

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

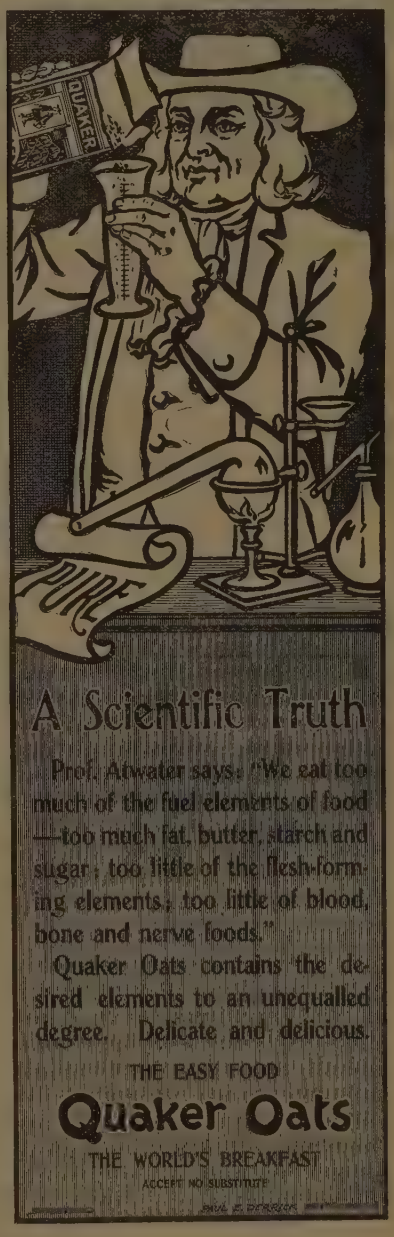
Amended Spelling.—Irving Shepard, secretary of the National Educational Association, announces the following amended spelling, adopted by a committee of which W. T. Harris, the Commissioner of Education, is chairman, of their published proceedings. If we had not so many other reforms on hand we would be glad to undertake to help along the work of disentangling our English spelling. Were it not for the difficulty of preserving orthographical and typographical consistency we would like to follow up the suggestions of these teachers and reform our spelling to the extent indicated below:

Program (programme); tho (though); altho (although); thoro (thorough); thorofare (thoroughfare); thru (through); thruout (throughout); catalog (catalogue); prolog (prologue); decalog (decalogue); demagog (demagogue); pedagog (pedagogue).

Chicago.—The children of All Souls Church celebrated their Christmas this year, as preceding years, by giving. The merrymaking took place on Friday afternoon. The classes of the Saturday and Sunday schools were each assigned a family in the less fortunate section of the city, of the Helen Heath Settlement neighborhood. Twelve little trees were decorated and loaded by the hands of the children, under the direction of the teachers, after which some of the great Christmas pictures were thrown on the screen for their edification; then the singing of carols, slight refreshments, a little candy, a penny picture and the children went home. On Saturday morning a large builder's wagon was loaded with the trees and their fruit, including several dinners, bags of potatoes, flour, etc., and committees followed the gifts into the homes and received the benediction of joy and merriment. Sunday morning the home side of Christmas was emphasized by the usual festival service and in the evening Mr. Waugh Lauder gave a delightful musical lecture on the old Christmas carols, songs, etc. * * * A recent sermon of Dr. H. W. Thomas, printed in these columns, has been reprinted in the *Indian Mirror* of Calcutta.

The Welsh of Chicago celebrated Christmas with a banquet and a public meeting, held in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium, under the auspices of "The True Order of Ivorites," a Welsh fraternal order. Of course, there was the usual massing of the Joneses. If a messenger had summoned Mr. Jones" to the door, perhaps fifty or more per cent. of the audience would have instantly risen to their feet, but the most welcome and conspicuous of the Joneses there assembled was Samuel M. Jones, the reform mayor of Toledo, who proved his Welsh connection by quoting in the vernacular the time-honored couplet that speaks of the land of the fathers as "The land of the white mittens and the empty prisons." To reproduce that land in America, the reform mayor argued, was the mission of the Cambro-American. Mr. Jones described himself as "an accident in politics." May such accidents befall other cities, for here is a mayor who believes in the golden rule and has actually undertaken to apply it in city politics and municipal affairs.

Streator, Ill.—This town is agitated over municipal corruptions and has "boodle investigations" on hand. It may yet appear that Chicago, instead of being peculiar in its municipal corruptions, only anticipates other cities in its consciousness of these corruptions and in its efforts to rise above them. It may be that Chicago is not more depraved in its municipal affairs than other cities, but that it awakes a little earlier than neighboring cities to the lamentable condition.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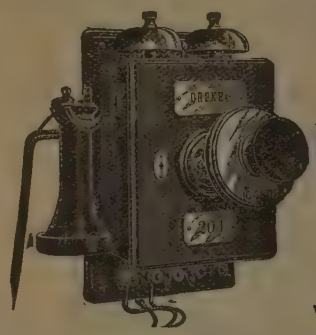

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[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

"Flowers of Grasses"—Verses by Juniata Stafford. (Chicago: Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers. This charming little volume, daintily printed and bound in soft birchbark cover, brings to us the sweet breath of field and meadow. And the verses which it contains fitly add to the pleasant impression given by the outward form of the little book. They tell of nature and nature's beauties, of soft airs and rippling brooks, and they do more, for they show to us the lessons which the beautiful things of God's creation have for every one of us. In this, even more than in her smooth and rippling lines, do we read this writer's title clear to the name of true poet. For the heaven-conferred mission of the poet is to interpret nature and life for the help and instruction of mankind, since most of us, our sight uncleared by heavenward glances, cannot read the divine message. As a specimen of Miss Stafford's graceful versification we quote two stanzas from her wreath of "Birthday Verses," one for each month in the year, a charming idea:

March.

All the brown twigs are stirring within;
Winter has surely gone past!
Wrappings of tree-buds are stretching quite thin—
Springtime is nearing at last!
Color and gladness are coming this way—
Listen, dear heart, while I sing!
Here is my gift for your beautiful day;
Love and the heralds of spring.

October.

Gentian, in this restful place,
In this quiet hour,
Speaking with a holy grace
Word of sky and flower,
I will bear you in my hand
As a birthday token;
Help my friend to understand
Love and peace have spoken.

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[Chicago Chronicle.]

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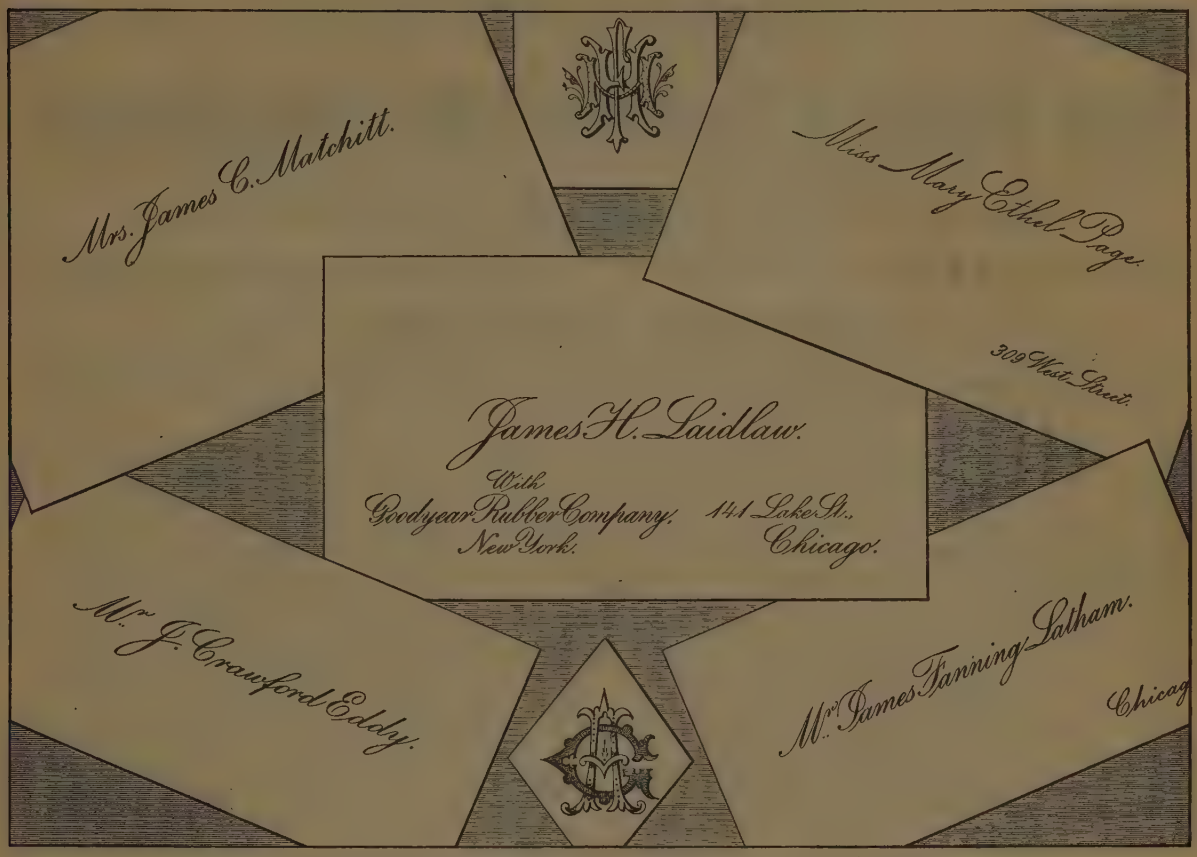

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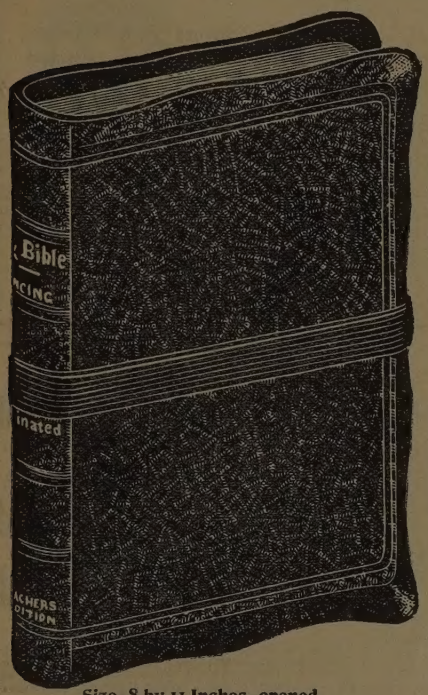

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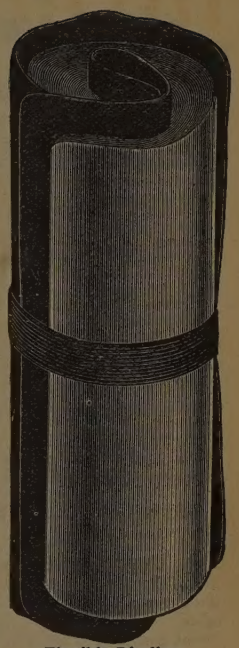

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